Adversarials Archives

A supplemental book for the **Sentinel Sentry City** *role playing game*

By the Scribe Lookers

Suggested for mature readers

This book is dedicated to witless babbling everywhere

This work has a forehead writers right protection by virtue of me writing it and then pressing my forehead against the written documents and yelling forehead at them. Exceptionally exclusive of condiment sauce or condiments in general. This work is available for anyone to use for any reason, exclusive lubbererty of preventing others from doing what they like. Lubbererty also with the documents or words to that effect.

This excessively interesting book contains a delicious handful of the many antagonists that were randomly generated during play for the Sentinel Sentry City roleplaying game, which was itself unwisely generated randomly through game play over a few years. Many cherished characters met their end against such outrageous and potent foes. Not all the adventures ended with decency as the victor, as you will soon see when you read the exploits of the terrible beings contained in this abhorrent volume.

Mostly this document serves as a record of solo played adventures, but the antagonists generated can be used again and again by anyone silly enough to want to.

Sentinel Sentry City used several rule-sets, including some of the authors own design that included determining the rules randomly. There is a finalized version of the main rules that will be available soon. A one page rules light version of Sentinel Sentry City is available now.

It is, however, highly recommend no one read, or worse yet try to play this ridiculous game.

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The Bureaucrocalypse Asteroid

A short while before the coming of the planet changing Warwarp Spasmloops, the message, "Helping you help us" was beamed down simultaneously to every communication device on Earth.

The message had been sent by the only remaining fragment of the planet Bleurff. Bleurff was a world torn apart long ago by the coming of the Bureaucrocalypse; the singular point were the vast majority of sentient beings had become unimaginative, corrupt, unaccountable, control obsessed, non-adaptoids mind uploaded into a giant dysfunctional database that shrivelled the planet Bleurff into a collection of stagnant rock, useless office buildings, and unhelpful technology.

This asteroid of atrophy would later crash into the Earth and start to assimilate cronies and control freaks from all walks of humanity into it's fruitless byzantine machinations. The Bureaucrocalypse impact crater is responsible for the debasement of the Sentinel Sentry City universe into a role playing game. The RPG degeneration of Earth was intended to be released as an impenetrable mountain of rules volumes each more perplexing than the last over 87 game editions.

Thankfully the sour remnants of Bleurff were prevented from implementing the full oppressive might of their knotted gaming systems.

Nonetheless the inhabitants of Earth found themselves existing in a confusing RPG state of affairs with their lives largely beholden to rules that don't make sense and unknown random number generation.

It was only the violent rampage of the being known as the Warhungerer that stopped a complete state of bewildering min/max gamification of the world. This being had sensed the coming of the Bureaucrocalpyse and was ready to take advantage of it's power for it's own ends. After carving a path through sycophant office zomboids, the Warhungerer captured several pieces of dangerously uncooperative technologies and used them to help launch the Warwarp Spasmloops and sent the world into a different abominable state.

The remains of the Bureaucrocalypse still designs their dull downfall of the Earth from the bottom of it's impact crater hole.

Possible Bureaucrocalypse encounters:

Continuity: 8

Aggressively Unaccommodating Androids

Attack 1 Defence 3 Authorization Unapproved 3
Depopulation Directive 2
Aggravation Escalation 2

Office Zombiods

Attack 1 Defence 1 Verbal Drivel 2
Coordinated Passive Aggressive Acidic Bile
Rambling 1 plus 1 per 2 Zomboids
coordinating with the attack
Momentum Molasses 3

Inflated Blowhard

Attack 2 Defence 2 Empower Sycophant 2
Aggravation Escalation 4
Productive Action Deflection 1

The Warhungerer

It is unclear where the otherworldly Warhungerer came from exactly. What is known is that it appeared in the 1950's and cut a bloody swathe across North America before becoming dormant deep beneath the Earth's surface. It appeared as a 15 foot tall sword wielding suit of armor, but whether something else was even inside was never understood. The Warhungerer grew stronger from violent conflict and seemed to be unstoppable to the combat forces deployed against it.

After decades of inactivity, the Warhungerer awoke again in the late 1980's and embarked on an unrelenting march of destruction across the planet and elsewhere. It seemed to be collecting particular items for some purpose, which was revealed shortly after the Bureaucrocalypse arrived on Earth. Two great spires were constructed that brought the Warwarp Spasmloops to the world.

The planet Earth currently lies trapped in these loops of destruction leaving much of the planet as a jumble of convulsive chaotic landscapes from across time and space. Cause-and-effect is in a poor condition, and many occurrences can end up repeating, reversing, being undone, or just having completely unexplainable results.

This random state of affairs has led to unprecedented levels of violence in the world which suits the Warhungerer perfectly.

The Warhungerer

Continuity: 10

attack 6 Defence 7 …Only Makes Me Stronger 4
One Man Army 3
Inexorably Driven 6
Veteran of a Billion Battles 5

The Scribe Lookers

The Scribe Lookers were supposed to be the important neutral watchers, recorders and recounters of events in the cosmos. They take ancients vows older than time forbidding them from any interference with the workings of the Manyverses.

Like every reasonable creature, each Scribe Looker decides rules only apply to others. They flippantly and systematically ignore them in favor of constant whimsical mischief that bothers everything everywhere.

The Scribe lookers are usually involved whenever a universe degenerates into a role playing game. Some egotistical Scribe Looker fancies itself as some kind of all powerful referee, game monarch, or narrative master and sets about smushing a RPG session, adventure, or campaign upon some hapless characters.

These poor Characters will be controlled by some "Metagameverse" beings called "Players". Scribe Lookers often claim these characters are unaware of the (not so) subtle RPG they are trapped in or the players controlling their actions. This is rarely the case and the characters are normally highly aware of the players, Scribe Looker, and the fact they are in a fictional game.

All this is usually easily solved by everyone politely not mentioning the fourth wall constantly being broken. Occasionally, strict Scribe Lookers may punish characters for "Meta-gaming," but they were almost certainly going to punish characters anyway.

Scribe Lookers like to rant a lot about "Character choices mattering" or "Fair Play" or "Appropriate challenge for the characters". In actuality they usually abuse their Immense powers. The following is a list of some of the many abuses available: No matter what the characters decide to do, the same result was going to happen; Dice rolls are irrelevant to what actually ends up happening; destruction of things, NPC was always going to succeed regardless of player effort, planning, or luck; The character's plans will rarely or never work; Characters are just punching bags for the imagination; destroying things valuable to the characters; Retro declaring things were just dreams or illusions; Changing game rules so what would have worked now fails; destroying the characters; destroying everything; Actual real life murder of the players is also possible, but unproven to exist so far. The full extent of the Scribe Lookers misused capabilities has never been examined fully.

Sentinel Sentry City has the worst possible set up. Scribe Lookers and their player goons are free to come and go as they please in this universe, which results in more chaos than can possibly be understood.

It should be noted that Scribe Lookers are not always needed when the universe collapses into a RPG, and a "Player" or "Players" have ways to gamify the Sentinel Sentry City Universe. This is no guarantee of freedom from mad devilments similar to those listed above.

Scribe Lookers

Continuity: varies

Attack: infinite Defence: Infinite

Arrange Game Session 1
Convince Everyone to Order Pizza 4
Terrible Accents and Impersonations 3
Loosing Dice 2
Laughing at Character's Misfortune 3
Sci-fi and Fantasy General Knowledge 3

Visitors From Elsewhere (and when)

Even before the recent events the Earth received the occasional visit from another place or period. The Warwarp Spasmloops have led to many more visitors drawn to contemporary Earth.

Wasteland Ravagers

"A Dialogue On The Wasteland Ravager Way"

Waste Ravagerlord: "So, me and tha gang like...we likes nothin better than ta come pourin intah some community outta tha unkown. Right. Than we dismember everyone. Right. Limbs and blood everywhere. Great Stuff. Nuthin better than a good bloody raid."

Waste Ravager flunky: "Tell em about the head spikes."

Waste Ravagerlord: "Yep. Heads on spikes everywhere of course. Like any proper raid"

Waste Ravagerlord: "Huh...now...what was I sayin? Oh right, Nuthin better than a good bloody raid. But! ... But it is hard to keep up murderin and raidin."

Waste Ravager flunky: "Maraudins not an easy life"

Waste Ravagerlord: "Aye. No one can keep it up all tha time. Sometimes ya just want to go out with tha brutes...have some food or drinks and just relax."

Waste Ravagerlord: "But usually tha's not so easy either right...cause...like yas wants to relax and have a beer but tha locals are all like...hey! Tha's those guys what just chopped everybody to bits and everyone gets on edge right."

Waste Ravager flunky: "No respect for the Waste Ravager way o life."

Waste Ravagerlord: "So ya hasta distract em right. Best way to do that is blame people for things."

Waste Ravager flunky: "Yep. Like that broke gambler over there."

Waste Ravagerlord: "Right. Perfect. Just be all like... terrible business...tha guy...gambled all is money away...shameful it is...irresponsible... 'e's all poor now."

Waste Ravager flunky: "But ya gots to play the long game."

Waste Ravagerlord: " Tha's right. Cause the locals will just say...thar's those people what chopped everyone to bits coming round again. They are complainin about some guy being poor or something. Are they going to hack our heads off in heads off in the streets?"

Waste Ravager flunky: "So ya keep it up."

Waste Ravagerlord: "Yep, just keep complaining about peoples behaviour. Best topics are sex, substance abuse, and gambling. Always complain about these things. They are pretty mundane compared to mass murder right. Ya would think no one would listen to ya, but ya would be wrong."

Waste Ravager flunky: "Tell them about Battlelord Miller."

Waste Ravagerlord: " Oh yeah...this guy...Battlelord Miller Jonstew...amazing Waste Ravagerlord... rampaged all over the place."

Waste Ravager flunky: "Trails of carnage everywhere."

Waste Ravagerlord: "Tore apart community after community with impunity. All tha while complainin...drunks n fornicators n gamblers... he would yell...thar gonna ruin everythin."

Waste Ravager flunky: "Even while he was ruinin everythin."

Waste Ravagerlord: "These evils gotta be watched carefully or they'l conspire and smash up tha government...even while he was smashing up thar governments."

Waste Ravager flunky: "Smashing up everything else to."

Waste Ravagerlord: "So at first no one pays any attention to his complainin cause thar all too busy not getting killed right. But after a while they do start to listen."

Waste Ravager flunky: "And you can always just chop up the ones that don't."

Waste Ravagerlord: "So over time...he convinces everyone junkies an pervs an compulsive gamesters are going to take everything over...even though tha's never happened anywhere."

Waste Ravager flunky: "Well probably not...although some people..."

Waste Ravagerlord: "Oh right. Yeah thar are a few lines of thought suggest all governments get overrun by intoxicated boinkers wha' gamble everything away."

Waste Ravager flunky: "Doesn't seem impossible I suppose."

Waste Ravagerlord: "Right, well we'll ignore those ideas for our purposes here."

Waste Ravagerlord: "So it's a simple system really. Storm in. Hack em up. Then blame all tha evils of society on some person or persons."

large areas of the Earth have been reduced to barren rock since the coming of the Warwarp Spasmloops. These entropic wastelands have become home to bloodthirsty bands of vagabonds from all over the universe: drunken cyborg centaurs, A.T.V. riding Vikings, and psychedelically enhanced cannibalistic dirt bikers are just some of the marauders that make these

motley roving raiders. Occasionally some particularly fierce leader bashes enough heads to get the respect of a large following and they take up their favorite habit of pillaging any civilizations they can find.

Wasteland Ravager Encounters

Continuity 1

Wasteland Ravager Lord

Attack 3 Defence 3

Deadly Dune Buggy 4
Incendiary Scapegoating 2
Incite Frenzied Raiding 3
Entropic Landscape Survival 4

Typical Wasteland Raider

Attack 3 Defence 1

Explosive Vehicle Chase Scenes 2
Swarm Settlement 1 plus 1 per 3 raiders
Intimidating Engine Reving 1

Mister Whenever

Mister Whenever, or the Mister as he likes to be called, is a thief and a scam artist that travels around Space-Time with the

aid of his biometrically attuned Continuity Cloak and Travelling Top Hat technologies.

Currently the Mister has put his roguish ways on hold and taken up residence on an alien space-time station orbiting the globe. Here he uses his advanced Fourth Dimensional tech and knowledge to help the station crew maintain what little continuity in causality is remaining on the planet. Of course Mister Whenever is only doing this in the hopes of a big pay off in the end.

Mister Whenever

Continuity 9

Attack 1 Defence 4

Covet Valuable Antiques 4
Perfect Timing 2
Empirical Historian 3
Yeah I Have Seen This Before 1
Time to be Somewhen Else 2

Techceratops

Techceratops is the most technologically advanced creature to emerge from the Cretaceous. Originally an adopted Infant dinosaur pet of stranded time travellers, later attempts to make

the adult triceratops into a guard beast would turn out poorly for the temporal castaways.

Experimental modifications to the beloved pet to make it smarter, carnivorous, and coldly violent backfired as the dinosaur ate it's previous caretakers. As some time travellers had built in biotech and others being fully robotic, this led to some novel digestive predicaments. With it's new advanced intelligence and belly full of chronological instruments, Techceratops set about improving itself further. It was not long before he was more machine than dinosaur.

In his new ultra advanced state, Techceratops was able to repair the time traveller's craft and managed a one time trip. The out of time terrible lizard ended up in Sentinel Sentry City where he works as dangerous mercenary specializing in opening portals to other eras and places.

The terrorization organization TYRANT! has employed Techceratops regularly since his arrival.

Techceratops is on hostile terms with the other currently contemporary prehistoric mutant creatures like the Brontosaurus Kung-Fu Monk and Krokjaw's commando team.

Techceratops

Continuity 7

Attack 4 Defence 5 Tech Noming Assimilation Method 2
20,000lbs Charge 3
Spikes and Horns 3
Open Portal to Abominable Place 2

Space bug Invasion

General Beetlebrains is the bug alien commander tasked with conquering planet Earth. The assault on our world fell apart before it even began when the Warhungerer stormed the treeship carrying the hive queen, sliced her up, and took her shell for his Warwarp device.

The Space Bugs are the most successful planetary invasion lifeforms in the galaxy and will not take Beetlebrain's failure well. He will almost certainly be devoured by the Hive Queens after being forced to preform the humiliating BUGLUG dance in front of the other beetle generals.

Rather than return to the Space Bug Empire, the general continued the, now uncoordinated, assault on Earth hoping the troops would overcome the planet and gain him some redemption. The tree ships crashed randomly into the surface, and many are not functioning at all. Some of the tree ships have begun the standard efforts to terraform the planet into enslaver-spore spewing jungles, but with the current state of the globe in the grips of the Warwarp Spasmloops little progress can be made.

The Invading Space Bugs themselves spend most of their time killing each other or tunnelling deep into the earth. They are still fearlessly aggressive to any other creatures, even with little leadership.

Space Bug Alien Encounters

Continuity 2

Bloodbottle Troopers

Attack 2 Defence 2 Madness Inducing Buzzing Swarm 1 plus 1 per 5 alien fly troopers
Corrosive Spray Rifles 2
Sticky Surface Susceptibility 2 dice penalty

Mantisor Assassins

Attack 3 Defence 2 Blade Arms 3
Camouflage 3

Collosapede Troop Transport

Attack 1 Defence 5 Impossibly large 4
Living Battering Ram 2

General Beetlebrains

Attack 3 Defence 4 Direct Swarm 3
Hive Mind 1
Bugblaster Rifle 3

Slime Sea Pirates

Continuity 2

Since the great Warwarp parts of land, water, underground, and even sky have become infested with sickly green flowing slime liquid from an unknown world.

These massive bodies of slime ooze about, split, merge, and slide over anything in their path. Worse still are the pirates. sailing about on these large lake sized swirls of viscous green gunk, are metal ships full of aliens intent on performing

swashbuckling acts of high piracy on vessels and communities as opportunity presents.

The most successful pirate captain seems to be Captain Commodore Admiral Octopibeard Squidsquigglelegs the fourth, a massive octopus like creature covered in a mass of flintlocks and cutlasses that sails the slime seas in an tanker sized black metal warship. It is rumored this dreaded pirate can influence the direction of the slime flows, but it is unclear how or if this is possible.

The rest of the Slime Sea Pirate crews are an assorted group of mutants and aliens, but often they take the form of humanoid parrots or monkeys. The Slime Pirates equipment is typically similar to the European blackpowder Era. Occasionally they have more advanced weapons and tech.

Slime Sea Pirate Encounters

Parroteer

Attack 2 Defence 2 Dramatic Cutlassing 2
Bomb Droppings 1
Annoying Mimicry 2

Powder Monkey

Attack 2 Defence 1 Ship Acrobatics 4
Flintlock 2
Cannon 2 plus 1 per 3 monkeys
Wooden or Hook Appendage 2

Blunderbore Mutant

Attack 3 Defence 1 Grafted Blunderbuss Limb 3
Storm the Deck 1

Captain Commodore Admiral Octopibeard Squidsquigglelegs the Fourth

Attack 4 Defence 3 Flintlock Fusillade 3
Too Many Arms 2
Compose Pirate Song 1
Squid Themed Scrimshaw 3

The Clownarchy

The Clownarchy is a loose arrangement of criminal individuals. It's origins lie with the crime circuses and carnivals dating back centuries. It's current formation as the Clownarchy has been forged by The Ringruler 8000; an amalgamation of alien machines, several sophisticated artificial intelligences and the consciousness of a handful of humans, including a telemechanic psychic, who have at this point all gone mad in some form or another.

The Ringruler 8000 is likely the most highly developed and intelligent thing on Earth. Although it is the official ruler of the Clownarchy, most of it's time is taken up in it's goal of turning the entire Earth, both surface and core, into a giant funhouse collection of deathtraps. This preoccupation of the leadership affords the members of the Clownarchy almost complete autonomy.

The Clownarchy also counts among it's membership some incredibly hazardous persons. Often they pursue their goals individually or in small groups. Most members are willing to work with almost any other group or individual if it suits them, and the Clowns are too impulsive and nutty for any long term conflict or alliance with others.

The Clownarchy's main fairground base is located in Sentinel Sentry City and is heavily guarded. Defences in the fairground include: death traps, like Joyride the autonomous killer bumper car; and mutants, such as the giant Wacky Moles emerging from the ground to pummel trespassers before retreating to their tunnels; and the Duck Shooters circling the fairground on rails gunning down invaders with deadly accuracy.

The upmost members of the Clownarchy are also usually present deep within this main site. Formidable Clownarcs like: Limelight, the former Crime Circus commander who still leads important operations in the field due to her tactical expertise and skill at predatory prestidigitatoration performances; Big Top, the dwarf former tank commander who now pilots a 50ft tall 100k kg tread tract robotic suit tank; Bagbones the misshapen contortionist thuggee assassin; And Roustabout, the mechanical maven responsible for the creation and maintenance of the Clowns unique gadgets and weaponry.

Outside the fairground, encounters with street level Clownarcs are the most common. Clowns like Slapstick, Oddball, or Tantara and Firecracka are often about Sentinel Sentry City up to some misdeed or amusement.

Clownarchy Encounters

Continuity 5

Limelight

Attack 4 Defence 4 Vanish 3
Sleight of Hand 5
Illusion Generation 1
Order out of Chaos 3

Wacky Moles

Attack 2 Defence 2 Tunnelling 2
Mallet 2
Pop up Ambush 3

Duck Shooters

Attack 2 Defence 1 Quack Shots 4

Mutant Carnies

Attack 2 Defence 2 Ludicrous Weapon 2
Pain is Funny 2

Joyride

Attack 4 Defence 2 Spinning Bumper Blades 3

Deathtraps

Attack 2 Defence 1 Toxic Gas 1
Cutting Edge Laser Show 1
Death Slide 1
Gravity Crush 1
Spinning Spikey Room 1
Weaponized Foam Trap 1
(pick one of the above or invent one similar)

Big Top

Attack 3 Defence 5 Massive Mech 4
Crush 4
Missiles 4
Endless Amount of Guns 2

Bagbones

Attack 3 Defence 1 Stretch and Squeeze 3
Strangle 3
Stealth 4

Zargoz

Attack 1 Defence 1 Prediction 1
Remote Psychic viewing 1
Paralyzed and stuck in a glass machine 4 dice
Penalty involing movement of any kind
Almost Comatose 3 dice penalty to anything
social when not doing psychic telling/viewing

Slapstick

Attack 3 Defence 2 Dual Hockey Stick Escrima Duelling 3
Rollerblading Hockey Clown 2

Oddball

Attack 2 Defence 3 Ball Shaped Chunk of Nightmare Dimension on a Chain 4

Tantara and **Firecracka**

Attack 2 Defence 2 Couple from Hell 2
Sonic Shrieking 2
Blazing Fireworks 2
Explosive Personalities 3

Whirlygigles

Continuity 3

When some TYRANT! terrorists locked Donnie Tote in a cave and forced him to rig toy remote controlled helicopters with plastic explosives and laughing boxes for their attacks, they never foreseen the super sleek assemblage of spinning cackling death, alien hyper-sonic technology, and high spirited human that would one day spell their doom.

Like all persons locked in caves and forced to build weapons for terrorists, Mr. Tote dreamed of building something awesome instead to kill his TYRANT! captors with. As they gave him no detonators, this left only laughing boxes and toy helicopters. When Donnie tried to build weapons out of the toys, the terrorists just laughed and beat him over the head with the butts of their rifles.

One day, due to a mix up, TYRANT! delivered a crate full of extraterrestrial gear to his cave instead of explosives. Donnie could not tell exactly what this tech was, but some of it looked like an incomplete powered battle suit. Donnie Tote tried to figure out how to complete the armor with what he had available, but he was far too dense. Luckily for Donnie the alien apparatus itself was quiet smart and modified and assimilated

the toy devices available to build a complete battle armor suit permanently integrated with the captive toy tinkerer.

When the TYRANT! agents next arrived to pick up their explosive attack toys, they Instead found a lunatic clad in giggling cacophonous hyper-sonic extraterrestrial hardware and spinning blades who proceeded to cut them to bits.

The flying cyborg cavalier soon found work with the Clownarchy where he became the gallant swashbuckling heliclownster know as Whirlygigles. The wild acts and the windmills were now the same thing, if they were not already. Fiercely cluelessly loyal to his new Clownarc friends, Whirlygigles can be found swirling at the forefront of their frays spreading chopped gore and raucous canned laughter. The wisecracking heliclown is one of the Clownarchy's most aggressive troops.

Whirlygigles

Attack 4 Defence 3 Many Spinning Blades 4
Flights of Fancy N' Fancy Flying 5
Most Annoying Laugh 2

Puppethead

Puppethead is another example of what can happen when advanced technology is introduced to not quiet so advanced peoples.

"Old King Xole
Will devour your Soul
With a jug
Of liquorice tea"

This is how the popular, and for Doctor Gary Hausen, the world's foremost puppetologist, favorite, children's rhyme went. It had long been a professional goal of the paramount puppet maker to create an awesome automated puppet machine to play out his favorite childhood memory for the children of the future.

To his dismay he was forced to accept that the technology of the day was not sophisticated enough for such an ambitious project. Gary had heard of alien engineering being sold on black markets, but believed such equipment was likely too expensive if it's existence was even more than just rumour.

When a concerned friend came to Hausen and told him he may be able to acquire some alien technology at a not unattainable price, the puppet maker could not believe his luck. It would almost bankrupt him, but he believed the payback would make it worthwhile.

What was unknown to Gary Hausen at the time was that Old king Xole was an actual creature long ago from elsewhere in the galaxy. Not only that, King Xole was also a brutal murderous ruler who perfected brain branding devices that sawed the tops of his subjects skulls open and branded mind controlling symbols into their exposed brains. Xole also really did eat peoples souls. The stuff about the jugs, liquorice, and teas was likely made up by stupid humans to amuse some stupid children.

Gary was also unaware that his friend was an alien descendent of Overlord Xole and was hoping the puppetologist could get the ancient brain branding devices to work again so he could use it to subjugate humanity.

So Hausen's dream, like all childhood dreams, was not to be and would end up being replaced by terrible personal tragedy instead.

Gary intended to use his new alien devices to help him build the greatest puppet show in history. He had finished his first puppet – a sharp looking tuxedo wearing conductor who was to mechanically mock conduct the other musical puppets in their amusement machine.

The newly made, and conscious, puppet turned out to be viciously deranged. It immediately knocked Gary unconscious

with a hammer. Then, as is typical of most little brats, sought about finding the best way to manipulate it's maker.

After using the hammer and a drill to open the top of poor Hausen's skull, the miniature menace embedded it's legs into the puppet makers exposed brain. The next step for the power mad puppet was to take a mass of Xoletech wires and quickly Integrate one end of the wires into his puppet hands and send the other end probing into Doctor Hausen's cranium. As each wire found it's mark they plunged into Gary's brain like an overly excited knife entering an ice cream cake. The wires continued to push away from the conductors hands and coil through the puppetologist's convulsing body.

The extraterrestrial wire devices were able to keep Hausen alive and even improve his health over time. Nonetheless, the greatest puppet maker of the age realized his dream was lost and an intelligent alien contraption had lodged itself into his skull thereby making him into it's puppet. Hausen eventually understood that removing the mischievous manikin would prove fatal for himself and accepted his present state. The puppet does rest on occasion and this lets Hausen have some time for himself. Gary's benefactor "friend" has never reappeared.

The puppet, now calling itself Puppethead, spent the next few months building more puppets under it's control as well as tech upgrades to itself and it's human host.

The Clownarchy found out about Puppethead and figured his puppet making skills would be useful. They offered the miniature maniac a safe workshop at their headquarters to construct it's puppet machines. Puppethead has worked with The Clowns ever since.

Puppethead has created hundreds of robotic puppet minions. He can control a few dozen of these puppets completely at ranges out to a few hundred meters. Non controlled puppets are capable of following basic commands indefinitely (guard this area, walk 800 meters east then explode etc). The puppets vary in power and role. Most are designed for spying, sabotage, or combat. Some have been fitted with powerful explosives.

Puppethead

Continuity 5

Attack 1 Defence 2

Puppetmaster 4
Gun Puppet 2
Blade Puppet 2
Spy Puppet 3
Explosive Puppet 3

FUN TZU

Fun Tzu is the ancient Chinese birthday party clown, strategist, and tactician who authored the peerless Strategy book "The Joy of Battle".

Fun Tzu has been aiding circus criminal groups since long before they existed. It is rumoured he is an immortal spirit of jovial warfare or has figured out how to use the energy from birthday celebrations to extend his life indefinitely. He never speaks about this and no one knows for certain.

This organizational genius spends most of his time alone in the mountains contemplating warfare and birthday party gags. Occasionally he finds one of the Clownarchy's projects worthy of his attention and descends from his hermitage to lend his vast expertise on armed conflict. No force he has been a part of has ever been defeated in battle.

Excerpts from "The Joy of Battle" by Fun Tzu

"The war is won by whoever enjoyed it the most."

"When surrounded by the enemy, happily shoot in whatever direction you like."

"When an enemy spy is detected, spy on him. When your spies are detected, spy on him and the detector. When no spy is detected, triple your amount of spies. Have the second part spy on the first and the third part spy on itself.

Then hire spies to spy on all current spies before hiring spies to spy on all that. Next hire assassins to kill all the spies and spies to spy on the assassins. Then double your security patrols and order them to kill any assassins on sight.

Hire a spy to spy on yourself then have him assassinated. Make sure to spy on that assassin. Hire an assassin to assassinate you then have security gut him in the streets. Hire spies to spy on all the security people then spies to spy on those spies. Make sure you have enough assassins for everyone involved.

This will guarantee everyone is delightfully violently insane within 2 or 3 seasons at most. Any invaders will be in for a real treat."

"The best battles always happen spontaneously at some party."

"Immortality was always here, nothing is ever gone, and death is just one more great battle."

"Build an unassailable position, know your foes capabilities and resources as well as your own, and attack only when opportunity presents certain victory: These things will ensure you are bored. Your opponents will be too.

Much better to run screaming (preferably while covered in explosives) at a mass of opponents (who should sensibly be doing the same). This will ensure excitement and enjoyment for all and will make for much better literature later. A timeless tactic."

Fun Tzu

Continuity 4

Attack 4 Defence 2

Incomprehensible Manoeuvring 5

No One Really Looses When Everyone is Having Fun 3

Awe Inspiring Rep 2

Better Fun and Games After Someone Looses an Eye 3

Militant Groups

There are many small militant groups on Sentinel Sentry City Earth. For the most part they double down in as secure a base as they can make, gather resources and fend off raiders. Any type of continuity devices or powers to help stave off the effects of the Warwarp Spasmloops are especially desired. For the most part these small groups stay isolated in a local area in the wilderness and manage themselves as best as they can.

A handful of larger more active militant groups like Yotola, H.E.L.M.E.T., and TYRANT! will be discussed here.

Transportation

Yotola

Yotola is the only surviving car manufacturer on Earth. It only produces two cars the Yotola Samurai and the Yotola Ashigaru.

The Yotola Samurai is a hi-tech ultra reliable wonder of an automobile capable of providing a fast safe ride in all but the very worst conditions. It also has the excellent benefit of being able to transform into a formidable samurai robot. These fighting robots are armed with traditional samurai weapons, and are programmed to know the entire history and philosophies of the samurai warrior.

Even in the Sentinel Sentry City Universe with it's alien invasions, inter-dimensional gribblies, and rampaging mutants, the Yotola Samurai car-robots are some of the finest warriors on Earth. The people who own a Yotola Samurai are blessed with a very functional transport trooper capable of slicing most foes to ribbons and getting them were they want to be. The downside is only the affluent can afford them.

The Ashigaru is a much more affordable option. It is so-so as a car and it is not unusual for the owner to have the occasional problem. This more attainable automobile also changes into a robot that is also not overly impressive. It is not very good

at fighting, but sometimes owners can band together and form their clunky robots in a group not incapable of fighting off some dangers.

The real drawback to the Yotola Ashigaru is that whenever a samurai car drives by, the economy car must transform into a robot and grovel in the street. This makes getting anywhere while a Yotola Samurai is in the area quite tedious. Even worse, the Ashigaru machine is programmed to obey any request from a Yotola Samurai driver short of driving off a cliff. This leads to much humiliation of Ashigaru car drivers by richer more powerful Samurai car owners. The end result of this design is so enjoyable to the wealthy and powerful that every other car manufacturer went extinct.

Samuel L. Jackson was the genius behind this automotive autocracy. This business tycoon, matchless scientist, innovative inventor, and supreme commander is pretty much the Emperor of Japan and one of the most powerful humans in the world. Jackson also drives the only Yotola Diamyo car-robot, an even more powerful version of the samurai car.

Born sometime in the 1920's, the Diamyo has had a very long life and still remains in amazing health. The secret of his longevity is unknown to outsiders.

The master automotive industrialist has long taken part in

some questionable acts involving publicity. Most noticeable of these acts is Jackson's long history, dating back to his college years, of claiming to be molested by all kinds of women in his life. Guesses by those closest to the inventor are that he thinks this is a excellent way to gain social status. Those who know him best see his accusations as bizarre acts and are unsure what to do about them. None have had the nerve to tell Jackson they don't believe him. A sizable segment of the of public does seem to get caught up in these dramas.

A Typical Therapy Session With Yotola Emperor Samuel L Jackson

Therapist: (Glances over her notes) I believe we made some progress last time...

Emperor Samuel L Jackson: (weeping slightly) It all started as a young man in college. I had started to date often. I wanted to picnic in the park with my date and see the swans. Their rippling waves in the water reminded me of the Doppler Effect. I always found it soothing to watch the swans. I...I...I tried to watch the swans. I tried to watch the waves. I tried. I tried so hard, (bursts out into tears) but I was molested. She molested me! I tried to shut it out...it wasn't happening...just look at the

swans..it will all be over soon...the swans are gone! Everything is gone!...there is only...

Therapist: I believe last time we discussed the idea that some things may not have been as bad as you remember. Do you remember talking about that?

Emperor Samuel L Jackson: Remember...Remember. It is so painful to remember. Everything going on. Being Emperor of the world, greatest Scientist, greatest Inventor, greatest business man, and all the molesting. So hard to contain everything, I have to forget most times or it would be too hard to do it all. But I must remember sometimes...for the safety of my people.

Therapist: Alright. Well you told me of the picnic swan date woman before, I believe she is currently incarcerated in the dungeons after a very lengthy trial and...

Emperor Samuel L Jackson: (interrupts her) Wait! I remember! I remember now. It was the baseball world series final 1968. I was in the seats with my date. I was wondering if she would enjoy some pretzels. Then it happened...it all went wrong..it should not have happened..was it my fault?

Therapist: Yeah...there was like 50-60 thousand people at that game.

Emperor Samuel L Jackson: And yet they all stood by as I was molested. Why did they not help? Did they not see? Did they refuse to see? Did they take part? Wait. There was another woman there. I recognized her from the mall food court. She worked at the sandwich place. She was sitting seven rows down and 5 chairs over. Jill was her name, or maybe it was Jenny. Why did she not help me? Did she take part in my abuse?

Therapist: Are you going to have this Jill or Jenny arrested?

Emperor Samuel L Jackson: Yes. I recall now she did take part. I had better have her put in the dungeon for the safety of the people. We cannot have these molesters preying on people.

Therapist: Are you going to have me arrested?

Emperor Samuel L Jackson: What? Why would I do that? What an odd thing to say. Did someone tell you I was going to have you arrested?

Therapist: I think we should talk more about this next session. We are already over time.
(The Emperor bows and exits the door, his security is waiting for him in the hallway)

Security person: Are you done here? How did it go?

Emperor Samuel L Jackson: (puts his fist to his mouth, takes a deep breathe) Not well.

Security person: Did she molest you?

Emperor Samuel L Jackson: (sadly)Yes.

Emperor Samuel L Jackson: Do you want us to throw her in the dungeons?

Emperor Samuel L Jackson: (gasps) Yes.

Security person: That is the fifty third therapist to molest you in the last 5 years. Perhaps therapy is not working so well for you?

Emperor Samuel L Jackson: Oh when does all the hurting end? There must be a light at the end of the tunnel.

Security person: You are to be in court in 45 mins. You are testifying against a Margie McBlien remember?

Emperor Samuel L Jackson: I had forgotten. It is painful to think about these things.

Security person: You had her put in the dungeons nine months ago for molesting you at your nephews christening. She was the priest. She gets dragged out of her cell now and again to take part in very public drawn out trials during which you cry a lot and point your finger at her.

Emperor Samuel L Jackson: I remember her now. A real monster that one. Hopefully they'll throw her back in the dungeon.

Security person: I am sure they will, since they all do whatever you say.

Emperor Samuel L Jackson: (sighing) lets hope so. For the good of the people, lets hope so.

Yotola Encounters

Continuity 5

Yotola Ashigaru

Attack 1 Defence 2 Power Vibro Makeshift Polearm That Used to be a Garden Rake 1
Show Respect to Superiors 2
Peasant Car Posse 2

Yotola Samurai

Attack 4 Defence 3 Samurai Weapons 3
Menacing Noises 3
Contempt For Inferiors 1
Pleasant Road Trip 3

Yotola Diamyo

Attack 5 Defence 5 Attract Attention 3
Katana 5
Too Good For Whatever is Happening 2
Tycoon of Transportation 3
Have Women Throw in Dungeon 4
Lengthy Show Trials 2

Helmet

Continuity 4

Helmet is the largest security Company in Sentinel Sentry City. Their business philosophy is, "How much you own relies directly on how much violence you can perpetrate," and it's core business tactic consists of "Give us money or we beat you up and take your money."

Under the guidance of Captain Capitalism, wielding his iconic golden briefcase full of cash, the company has managed to obtain major security contracts with many of the moneyed elite people as well as the city itself.

Of course the ultra belligerent guards of Helmet are as likely to rob citizens as any of the criminal groups. They also like to rob the criminals and tend to prefer interfering in crimes that will give them a nice payoff.

Helmet's Extortress Fortress headquarters in the city is one of the most defended buildings in the world and is rumoured to have many large vaults full with extreme wealth. They are always up for grabbing more cash from any source though, and usually a few guards are available for jobs at short notice.

Helmet also has some serious war veterans under it's umbrella and can put together very dangerous teams for important missions.

Helmet Encounters

Helmet Thug

Attack 2 Defence 1

Appraise Valuable Crime in Progress 1
Intimidate the Broken 1
Bash Someone in the Face 1

Helmet Trooper

Attack 3 Defence 2

Trained Troop -1 dice penalty to anything not involving extreme violence
Mob Squad Tactics 2
Armed to the Teeth 1

Captain Capitalism

Attack 4 Defence 4

Money Shield 5
Discern Profitable Action 3
Buy Victory 1

TYRANT!

Continuity 5

Beneath the mountains of the recently formed nation of Gloomdovia in an underground hidden fortress, at the (nonexistent) mercy of their crime minister, the Vile Overman of TYRANT!, plots the Crime Council of TYRANT!, the most dangerous terrorization congregational conglomerate the world has ever known.

The parent secret society responsible for spawning TYRANT! dated back to North Africa around 2300 B.C.E. They were a group of holy men dedicated to experiments to better humanity. This group secretly operated for millennia and slowly spread throughout civilization. In recent centuries this society was overcome from a terrible element within it's own assembly.

This new malignant organization would soon after name itself TYRANT! and forge a new structure for it's depraved goals. They gave up their mission of helping humanity as TYRANT! requires vast swathes of suffering in order to function.

Instead TYRANT! worships the terrorization of the human species. Every other species as well if they can pull it off, and they just might be nasty enough to do it. Just ask the poor Ice Demons who were recently put to the lash in their own world.

TYRANT! had lately tried expanding it's efforts at

degradating life to other worlds after discovering dimensional portal technology. After spying out a few new dimensions, the terrorists decided the Ice Hell Dimension looked like a nice place to redecorate into a torture chamber/dumping pen. In it's typical despicable methodology, TYRANT! sent it's scurrilous skittering Rankmen secret operatives ahead to subvert any natives they could get at.

The odious agents ferreted out a kindred treacherous soul very quickly in the powerful rebel Ice Demon noble, Pittflop. It was an easy matter for the TYRANT! Rankmen to subvert Pittflop to their cause. Soon the TYRANT! Troopers were rounding up surprised Ice Demon locals for the subjugation and abuse pens.

A powerful android named Coldskull was developed to assist with the debasement of the chilly natives. She could upload the minds and souls of Ice Demons into her circuitry to better inflict deep suffering on their spirits.

Next a sky piercing TYRANT! Overseer Tower was constructed to loom large over the natives and remind them they were small and to be stepped on. The terrorizationists were almost ready to enslave the entire population of the Hell.

It was only the accidental intervention of a few earthlings investigating the portal to the Ice Hell that saved the demons from falling completely under TYRANT! control.

A few Clownarcs and street gang members had learned of the portal and decided to explore. They figured out TYRANT! was trying to take over this dimension for the purpose of sending people like themselves there to be hopelessly confined and tortured. So they set about undoing the scheme as best as they could. The Earth adventurers managed to destroy Pittflop and convinced Coldskull to abandon TYRANT! and join them instead.

Once TYRANT! realized it's inter-dimensional schemes of conquest were in jeopardy, it switched to a plan it liked at least as well - just kill everyone involved. And so the awful sucks decided if they could not rule unchallenged they would rather use their portal technology to destroy the pocket dimension entirely.

The terrorists overestimated their skill with the new portal tech and some of the Earth started to get sucked into the frigid hell as it was collapsing. The adventurers convinced the android Coldskull to host the consciousness of as many demons as she could and come back with them to Earth to preserve as much Ice Hell culture as she could save. 1001 frosty locals managed to collectively squeeze their souls into Coldskull before the adventures had to flee the doomed dimension. A portion of the Earth including a northern TYRANT! lab was

dragged into the collapsing cold abyss, while a ball of the frozen plane splatted solidly onto the planet.

Even the most northern regions of the Earth were too warm for the chunks of the new strange frozen landscape from elsewhere, and it began to melt. Coldskull with her new extra-dimensional passengers, the Earth adventurers, and the few demons that survived the splat managed to convert the now unfuctioning TYRANT! Overseer Tower into a giant refrigerating icicle. The giant icicle was lovelessly (Ice Demons do everything lovelessly) named Icington Palace and the new land of Frostinia was formed with the Ice Demon possessed android Coldskull as it's countess. So Countess Coldskull and her 1001 hosted demon consciousnesses along with the last Ice Demons endured in their small but cozy icy hell on Earth.

As for TYRANT!, they had managed to pull of a genocide (one of their favorite things) on an entire, albeit small, reality (which was unprecedented) as well as launch the largest snowball in history. They had also lost an entire base full of troops, agents and resources. TYRANT! has many such bases scattered throughout the world, but it's powerful android was also lost to them and is now considered a major threat to their networks.

Overall the experiment was considered an expensive narrow success. And as TYRANT! deeply resents having to pay for anything, with expensive things right off the table, priority on Inter-dimensional projects has been downgraded in favor of continuing to torment life on Earth.

TYRANT!'s efforts of world domination are unmatched by any other group. It's own petty viciousness is likely it's own main obstacle to it's conquering; a fact that is undoubtedly understood by the Crime Council and Rankmen. It would not be wrong to say that pointlessly hurting people is the real goal and conquering just a side effect of those efforts.

Past the immensely unaccountable amounts of political corruption TYRANT! has sewn; the legions of Rankmen spies and TYRANT! Troopers, sinister buildings and technologies that reach from above the clouds down to underground networks of tunnels and bases; and the brilliant maniacal minds of their councils and leaders that ceaselessly scheme to tear down everyone, including their peers, lies a very straightforward belief – be terrible to each other.

At the core of the terrorization society lies the doctrines, rituals, and mysticism of an obscure religion that simply needs to see things in agony. Implementing such a basic tenet is much easier than doing nice things all the time. The actual ceremonial

worship of misery and destruction can be, and usually is, omitted from daily life in favor of the study of and pragmatic implementation of pain and ruin.

Most commonly, TYRANT! is interested in infiltrating and/or corrupting any social or political groups it can. The best thing about suffering, as the Rankmen are so fond of pointing out, is that it happens naturally enough and in order to inflict it all you really need to do is make sure people don't band together and help each other. They can also get free food sometimes at their social gatherings.

Next in importance is recruitment. TYRANT! never ceases to assess anything and everyone for use in it's missions. There is a general idea in the terrorization society that probably anything and anyone can be used to cause delicious harm in some fashion, if appropriate creativity is applied.

As such, TYRANT! considers everyone a possible recruit and every organization and device is considered to be a potential tool. Many businesses or criminal groups are secretly manipulated, guided, or directly controlled by TYRANT!. Attempts by the Rankmen to compromise anyone with influence are systematic. Bribery is frowned upon by the TYRANT! leadership in favor of just being lousy to whoever you can and see who breaks.

TYRANT! has ever understood science and technology can cause wonderful woes that would not be available otherwise and has many concealed laboratories and factories scattered around the world to study and build dreadful things.

One of the most popular devices among the TYRANT!ites are the terrible Overseer TYRANT! Towers, massive metal structures that rise to the sky and bristle with defences. The Crime Council members are usually the only people allowed to use these awesome towers, and they only ever do so for their personal goals. The towers are fitted with treads, tracks, and wheels allowing them to slowly but surely crush a path over civilization and wilderness alike.

The most impressive of these towers is commanded by the Crime Councilperson, General Iron Baron Fist. The general rolled his tower into Sentinel Sentry City a decade ago, and it has overshadowed the metropolis ever since.

Another popular machine is the Tendriller, a big skull shaped orb like machine with a pile of writhing tentacle drills. The tendrillers are forever creating new tunnels for TYRANT!'s underground transportation network.

Before the coming of the Warwarp Spasmloops, most of TYRANTS! scientific interest lay in the study of the mind and the newly recognized psionic powers of some people.

The Cogmix lab was built in the wilds of North America to study psionic beings and instruments and was a pet project of many In the Crime Council. Powers to control minds and tech to brainwash or hypnotize were of chief interest. Plans to deploy these mindbending methods, especially in the education system, were being poured over by the majority of TYRANT! leaders.

The lab was raided by the combined efforts of some cultists, Clownarcs, and Serpent Fang Society ninjas shortly after it started to get successful results. TYRANT! lost it's psitech and persons of study. The Cownarc's got most of the lab's spoils and psionicists. They would later use the psitech and upload some of the psionicist's consciousnesses to help create their Ringruler 8000 machine. The lab was entirely looted or destroyed in the fighting.

The Crime Council was furious over the loss of another expensive project and considers the groups responsible to be prime targets for destruction. Although it did not have all it's mindbending research at Cogmix and still retains some small amount of mind controlling abilities.

Perhaps the prime prize TYRANT! currently possess is one of the two Silver Spires, the devices used by the Warhungerer to cause the Warwarp Spasmloops. The Silver Spire is located in the tower of General Iron Baron Fist in Sentinel Sentry City were it

is extremely well guarded. This spire is the reason the city can resist the Warpspasms better than everywhere else. The general would love nothing more than to acquire the other Silver Spire, master the machinery, and control the chaos infesting Earth. Currently most of his efforts go to locating his device's twin.

TYRANT! also has access to most types of civilian or military technology as well as exotic things like volcano lairs and undersea factories.

As expected, all of this is directed by a complex administration. At the top of the leadership is the Vile Overman of TYRANT! Lisa Miska. Lisa's identity as the Overman is unknown to anyone but herself, and no one has any real idea who the Overman is. TYRANT! Also has a Grand Crime Council to better direct it's terrorization efforts. The councilpersons plot against each other as much as anything else.

The upper levels of leadership have more than a few individuals with superhuman levels of power. These Individuals are mostly Councilpersons, Trooper officers, or highly successful Rankmen. Blood Spectre, General Iron Baron Fist, Mr. Slivers, Fumigator, the Tri-Hags, Night Bastion, and the Extinctionator are some of the more infamous names of TYRANT! leaders terrifyingly talked about throughout the world. Even the known atrocities of these people are so numerous it is impossible to recount them all.

Encounters with TYRANT!

Continuity 5-10

TYRANT! Trooper

Attack 2 Defence 1

Oppress Smaller Group 1 for 2:1 outnumber, 2 for 3:1, 3 for 4:1

Head Full of Garbage -1 dice penalty on doing anything a superior did not order

Rankmen

Attack 1 Defence 2

Snoop 2

Lie 3

Coerce Official 2

Corrupt Organization 1

Mr Slivers

Attack 3 Defence 3

Spymaster 3

Sliver Spiked Armor 3

Complete Prick 3

Blood Spectre

Attack 3 Defence 2

Master assassin 3

Stealth 4

General Iron Baron Fist

Attack 2 Defence 5

Man of Metal 3
Sacrificial Underlings 2
Too Many Enemies 4
101 Difficult to Follow Plots 1

Tendriller

Attack 2 Defence 3

Tunnelling Terror 2
Underground Exit/Entrance 2
Tendril Limb Drills 3

Caremasters of Humanity

The Caremasters of Humanity are the clandestine group of researchers responsible for the secret labs that produced most of the worlds mutant creatures and several viruses. Their motto of "Everyone else shut up, we know best!" has guided them on their goal of upgrading all life, often in drastic and unnecessary ways.

Most of their labs are now lost to the CoH due to escaped rampaging monstrosities or raids from hostile groups. They now spend more time trying to hunt down "the ones that got away" as they do new projects. Still, CoH did produce many unique creatures who were as varied as they were dubious.

Some of their more recognized success are the heroes: the Wobble Woman, who's wobbling induces others to do the same, and the Brontosaurus Kung-Fu Monk, who wanders the rural villages of S.E. Asia offering protection to the villagers, as well as the popular Captain Helpington. The Crocodile Commandos mercenary group also escaped from one of the Caremasters labs.

More often the resulting experiments made something very large, angry, and dangerous. Sludgeblob Pyramidhat is one such example of a lab created berserk monster that now has no other drive than to slop about crushing and digesting people.

Regardless of the escaped creatures level of sociability, the Caremasters are certain they all need to be rounded up and stuffed back in cages. The CoH quacks still research their vision of unasked for unwanted versions of all life's improvement from secret labs all over the world.

Caremasters of Humanity Encounters

Continuity 3

Mad Scientist

Attack 1 Defence 1 Tranquilizing Drugs 2
Tranquilizing Drugs (The really good stuff saved for special clients) 6
Control Collars 1
Frenzy Drugs 4

Something That Should Never Have Been Made

Attack 3 Defence 4 Regenerate Fully for the Next Adventure/Scene/Movie/Episode/Story/Comic 5
Run Amok 3
Destroy Creator 2

Gasius Maxemus

One of the worst dangers of the Caremasters came not from an experimental creature, but from one of the scientists themselves. In fact Dr. Max, although a shadowy figure, was considered one of their most valued researchers.

Dr. Max would not reveal much about himself, but he did have lots of money and was happy to help fund many projects. This would have been enough to make him popular with his fellow Caremasters. Max also happened to be a very good scientist and provided insight on many projects.

So no one minded that he revealed little details about himself or his work. Most of his colleagues had at some point made some monstrous thing that had broken free and killed a bunch of staff while he had not. Few were in a position to be preachy.

Had the Caremaster's known what Max had planned to do, they would have stuck him in a cage and turned him into some kind of cactus wombat hybrid.

Dr. Max had come to believe he was a descendent of the Roman Emperor Trajan. Time travel projects were the buzz talk everywhere in science, and Max had spent months trying to learn more about them. Eventually, he ended up paying the Techceratops to help him visit the height of the

Roman Empire. Seeing his ancestors in Rome firsthand overwhelmed Max, and he became convinced it all never should have ended. The awed scientist pledged his large fortune to this new cause and set about a plan worthy of the grand leaders of Ancient Rome. Dr. Max made several more trips to Trajan's Rome and watched firsthand the legions marching and drilling. Being fluent in Latin, the undercover scientist was able to talk for hours with the soldiers and citizens. The visitant also subtly gathered weapons, armor, and uniforms as well as a few scrolls. Most importantly the researcher secretly gathered biological samples from the Roman soldiers.

Once what was needed from the past was acquired, Dr. Max set about creating factories and workshops to copy the mint condition weapons and armor. Contacting known Caremaster researchers to build up relations was the next step.

Max hid the fact he felt sorry for the Caremasters. After all, he was going to bring back the glory of Ancient Rome while they were just making pachyderm Sasquatches with eye-stalks. Max buried his contempt and helped the Caremasters whenever he could to keep them satisfied. Over the next year Max would perfect a virus that he would call "The Legion's Favor", although the rest of the world would call it "Legionnaire's Fever".

Dr. Max left the CoH labs and headed for sentinel sentry city. He injected himself with the infectious agent right before

arriving.

The infection was designed to interact with the human digestive system, and the virus bearer pleasantly wandered around the city for a few hours sneakily farting in large groups of people. Max returned to his newly constructed villa and waited. The first of his legionnaires started arriving a few hours later.

The reporting soldiers blurt-greeted their new Emperor, "Hail Gaius Gasius Maxemus!", before collecting weapons and uniforms and sternly beginning their drills. The next day the aspirer dictator lead a cohort of his troops out into the streets to gather volunteers for the Legion. The New Romans rounded up several dozen baffled civilians, brought them back to the villa, and proceeded to fart all over them.

All of the citizens grew cripplingly ill right away. Within a few hours, no matter their previous age or health, the citizens changed into fully fit fighting age Imperial Roman soldiers. They immediately gathered their gear, and started to practice lobbing pilums and marching about in testudo formation. Much to Maxemus's delight his own flatulence seemed to grow in intensity and frequency and also changed people much quicker, sometimes almost instantaneously.

Maxemus then started to build proper Roman defences using proper Roman engineering. The State of New Romeland

was declared in a suburb of the city a few weeks later. The first full scale invasion of Sentinel Sentry City took place shortly after.

The Inhabitants of the city are used to constant violence but had not dealt with an organized invasion of this scale. The New Romans fought fiercely with skill and discipline against all they encountered. Any who surrendered were farted upon. The more modernly armed violent groups were able to give the Romans a hard time and often it was slaughter for the Legion. The city, however, did not yet understand the full power of the assault.

It became obvious after a day of fighting that some of the population were turning into Roman legionnaires. No one understood how it was happening. The Romans seemed to be able to constantly field new recruits to refill their losses. People were concerned that their friends, family and colleagues would transform into Roman soldiers and want to stab them with a gladius.

The city was in the grip of fear for weeks before scientists observing some captured Romans realized what was causing the transformations. After complaining about the smell of one of the captives farts, a doctor collapsed to the floor. His co-workers put the puzzle together a while later when he transformed into

a Roman soldier and informed everyone they would be thrown into the arena with the lions. Many in the lab died during the ensuing outbreak. Thankfully some survived to warn the world of what they had learned: The virus was being spread by the Legion's flatulence.

The New Romelander's gas could be drifting anywhere and nowhere was safe. Safety professionals cried the city was unprepared for such an event and everyone should have seen it coming. New Romeland was declared off limits. Anyone trying to enter or leave there would be shot. Olfactory protection became mandatory. No one was ever to be without nose plugs firmly inserted into both nostrils. Only approved persons were allowed to leave their homes, anyone else would be killed in the streets.

Helmet security helicopter teams were hired to patrol the city. The copters boomed out messages to the populace through loud speakers. They were reminded how brave they all were and that if they even so much as peeked their stupid faces at the windows their brains would be blown out. They were reminded that nose protection at all times was mandatory, even if your brains had just been blown out.

No cure or treatment was found that could counter the Legionnaire Fever. Parts of the city had to be burned to the ground. Citizens living in the burning buildings where still not allowed to leave.

A few days later Gasius Maxemus contacted the Sentinel Sentry City officials by pigeon, who had the sense not to be affected by the virus. His letter spoke of New Romeland's desire for a truce. His people had suffered many casualties from modern weaponry. Gasius Maxemus explained he thought the re-emergence of Ancient Rome would be quicker and with not quite so much violence. He congratulated the city on it's fine defence against his invasion, and that making the city a vassal was no longer his goal. The letter spoke of his desire to retreat out of town and build a new settlement.

Then Maxemus's letter informed the officials that he had personally filled over 3000 jugs full of his own flatulence and had stashed them throughout the city. The Legion had done the same and had produced at least twice that number of hidden fart jars. New Romeland also had twice that total of fart jars and any assault or explosions would release the largest amount of gas the city had seen yet.

Next the letter contained a list of demands. The New Romans would be allowed to safely withdraw. Any citizens contacting the virus would be allowed to safely leave the city and come to New New Romeland. Persons under 18 enrolled in school who contacted the virus were to be given free and complete education in Latin and Roman history. Every school

and college must have a social worker skilled in Latin and Roman history to help accommodate any students transition to being a Roman legionnaire, if the student feels it is needed. The schools must pay for any surgery or cosmetic modifications the students feel are needed to make them feel more like a Roman legionnaire.

If a confused student got caught up in the excitement of the hip Roman Legion hype, felt it needed to be an Ancient Roman soldier and received a Roman education and perhaps surgery or modifications to be more Ancient Roman; or was perhaps convinced it needed to become a Roman legionnaire by an enthusiastic social worker or staff member or peers, then later decided they no longer wanted to be an Ancient Roman or perhaps never wanted to be in the Roman Legion and were mistaken; the student is to be provided, at the schools expense, surgery or modification to unromanize the student back to it's pre Roman Legion existence OR further education and modification to help it become fully Ancient Roman whichever the student feels works better for them.

The Sentinel Sentry City officials did not bother reading the whole letter instead preferring the idea of gathering whatever missiles they could find and launching them at Gasius Maxemus and New Romeland.

The problem with this approach was that Sentinel Sentry City, even at the best of times, was rarely under control by the officials, who were often corrupted by some of the people they tried to govern. Recent events had tested the populace sorely. As this populace contained many, many very deadly groups and beings, it was dubitable the officials could even survive the backlash that was brewing for what happened with the Legionnaire's Fever threat let alone launch an attack on New Romeland. In fact it was uncertain if they even had the time to reply to Maxemus's message.

The city administration sent a quick reply to New Romeland agreeing to let the Legions withdraw in return for the locations of the stashed fart jugs. The reply also pointed out that the education system is incapable of teaching students anything at all and how to be an Ancient Roman legionnaire was no exception.

Once the agreement was sent, they all secretly vowed to each other to break the truce and blow up Gasius Maxemus and New New Romeland the first chance they got, if they could ever get the city back under control. They never did. Things instead got worse and the threat of Gasius Maxemus and New New Romeland still lingers just over the horizon.

Roman Legionnaire Encounters

Continuity 4

Legionnaire

Attack 2 Defence 1

Pilum Pile 1 plus 1 per 5 throwers
Endlessly Drilled 3
Stoic Violence 2
Flatulent Recruitment 1

Gasius Maxemus

Attack 3 Defence 3

Dreamer Dictator 2
Breaking Bad Wind 4
For the Glory of Rome! 3

The Media

Continuity 6

Brussel Spanm

Brussel Spanm is the genius currently responsible for all human communication technology. He is fluent, to the point of being an authority, in every spoken and dead language. Spanm has also been able to discern and master some languages that have yet to emerge.

All media and communication technology is controlled by Mr. Spanm. He conceived the massively popular deathsports of the day, as well as arranged the original, and still largest and most dangerous, deathsport arena to be built in Sentinel Sentry City. The deathsports are covered across all media systematically, as per the media guru's directions.

Spanm is ever on the look out for talent for the assault course murdermaze arenas of killer combat, and all factions everywhere are welcome to send their best and bloodiest in the hopes of winning the adoration of the masses and masses of adorable cash.

In the late 80's Brussel also invented the Interface and the Face Frame Devices. The Interface had all the advantages of the Internet plus the FFDs (rectangular devices that are worn on the head) allow for people to project virtual

copies of their faces onto the Interface. The Face Frame allows for people to interact virtually face to face, and they can yell and even spit in each others faces. This made the Interface so popular the Internet was discarded by the early 90's and now lies in pieces languishing in boxes scattered about the world.

These two phenomenons were enough for Brussel to solidify his foothold in the tech media industry. It would not be long before he took control of the entire industry.

The Interface and deathsports are ubiquitous now, but the most common media product is Brussels show "Awakenings!". Now that the whiz Brussel Spanm is master of all media's mass mediums, the most pervasive transmittal from the media laboratories through Spanm's world woven web of wires and his brainwashing broadcast satellite set-up is his guru like self telling everyone what he thinks of things.

Most often this message is his relentless belief that humans are stupid and need to be repeatedly told so. Many people feel he is right. Spanm also likes to tell those people they are stupid. Everyone tends to agree.

Spanm's sophisticated network of media labs, satellites, sets, publishers, servers, wiring, arenas, and studios span the globe. Every public building, service, transport, many streets, and even

some sewers have multiple transmission screens provided to them by Awakenings. All Sentinel Sentry City businesses and homes are provided an excessive stack of screens to plaster their walls. The end result is Brussel's smiling genius face on a screen anywhere anyone looks telling everyone how smart he is and how dim they are. He is undoubtedly the most influential person in the world.

Naturally, everywhere Spanm goes he has enemies. If his power over the masses is not enough for him to deal with an adversary, he can call upon some talent from his army of super deadly deathsport showpeople to cause extreme amounts of flashy violence upon his foes and then have the whole thing recorded and doctored to make for compelling entertainment.

Awakenings! With Brussel Spanm

Brussel: Some dimwits complained to me that people need more news on the media. So here we go...here is some news for the people - It's a crapsack world out there and it is your fault. You are all stupid and we are probably all going to die.

Brussel: Look at it this way. I have a piece of toast right here. I am on the screens everywhere with this piece of toast. You are not on screens. You are watching me on a screen.

Brussel: I am sure some of you are already lost. Don't worry about it, you are just hopeless. Now what are the uses of a piece of toast? I can eat it obviously. I could talk to it - oh hello toast how are things? I could wear the toast as a hat. Is it raining maybe? Am I outside in the rain with a piece of toast maybe? I could use the toast as a hat to help keep my awesome hair dry. My haircut cost 27,000 dollars. 27,000 dollars is nothing to me.

Brussel: What about the toast right? That's what you are all trying to think right?

Brussel: Listen carefully. The toast is not important. That's right, not important. I can throw this piece of toast across the studio. Weeee the stupid piece of toast flew across the room. The toast doesn't matter.

Brussel: Well something must be important. Right? We are all here together, so something must be important. It is not the toast though, so what is it? Is it you? If it is not the toast, then maybe it's you that's important. Wait, you are not on the screen remember. You are looking at the screen. So it is not you that is important. It is not you and it is not the toast. Don't think too hard I will save you the pain and tell you.

Brussel: It is me. I am the thing that is important. I am the person who is important. You are watching the screen because I am on it. All right...it gets a bit tricky here you may need to watch this episode a few times. The toast was unimportant and I threw it across the room. It was not important at all. You are also unimportant.

Brussel: So are you more important than the toast? That's what you want to know obviously. Unfortunately for you, you are not. "Why?" you ask. "Whats so great about the piece of toast?" you think. Nothing. Nothing is great about the toast. Nothing is important about the toast, but you are even less important.

Brussel: The toast was on the screen. You were not on the screen. You were looking at the screen. Looking at the toast. You cared about the toast. I hope you didn't think, "Did the toast care about me?" even though I know for a fact some of you thought that.

Brussel: So a piece of toast I threw across the room is more important than you. Why? Because the toast is smarter than you. So you think "Well I am not important in any way then". Wrong. You are wrong about that too. You can't even get that right.

Brussel: I am on the screens because I am Important. I talk to you even though you are not important. But....I also talk about you to you. That is important. What is important is what I have to say. I talk about you and that gives you the only importance you have. I am always taking the time from my incredibly amazing life to come and talk to you on the screen.

Brussel: Most of my important life is taken up talking to you on the screen. It is on all the time. In fact it is the only thing on unless you pay to get the deathsport channel, which you should because it is awesome.

Brussel: I do all this and provide this to you for free in the slim hope I can teach you to be important and not so stupid. The sponsors happily pay me to talk to you to help you be less stupid and unimportant. Sponsors like Helmet who fight hard in the streets to keep you dummies safe from yourselves.

Brussel: So you get to have some importance because I talk about you. Well you are in for a real treat. I have a new book. We have talked a little about this stuff before. It is called "The Great Triangle of Loosing". It is all about you. It is going to help you, so you better go buy it.

Brussel: The Triangle of Loosing is the powerful trap you are all stuck in. This book is going to explain that trap to you. This book is important and might help you become less unimportant. It will show you exactly how stupid, ugly, and weak you are. That is the Triangle of Loosing. Yes it is your fault.

Brussel: It works like this: you try to get power over your world, but it doesn't work. Power is stupid. It makes you stupid. Power never gives power away to people smarter than itself, so it only ever gets dumber. You try to get power over your life and it makes you dumb. Power gets delegated to stupid people as they can be manipulated easier. So, you are stupid, you already knew that right? Well you thought you did. The book will help you quantify and qualify exactly how stupid you are on the triangle of loosing scale. This is your only hope of understanding just how stupid you are.

Brussel: You are also ugly. People don't like ugly people, that's why you all hate each other. You don't like being stupid, so you tried to learn about the world. That didn't work did it? No. Want to know why? It is in the book. I will share some of it here. You tried to learn about the world, but truth is ugly. Knowledge is complicated and convoluted and ugly. It made you ugly. You wanted wisdom and science and though it would be beautiful.

Brussel: The Triangle of Loosing will help you understand how ugly you became. You wanted to be smart, but the truth is hideous and now so are you. With high precision you will know on this amazing scale, from the book, just how numerically ugly you are.

Brussel: And you are also weak. This is the last side on the triangle. Once you read the book you will understand. You hated being ugly so you tried some arts. You tried to make yourself beautiful or make beautiful things. How did that go? Terrible right. Certainly it did. The arts are weak. You wanted to be delighted and delight others and it made you weak.

Brussel: The Triangle of Loosing will help you understand exactly how weak you are. Don't believe the arts make you weak? Go stand on the shore in front of a massive tsunami with your woodchip carvings see how well you fare. Take only your canvas, brushes and paint out into the desert and try to survive. You will try to drink your stupid paint and be dead in a week tops. Go show your fancy new haircut to a man eating tiger in the jungle and see how impressed it is. See if your new style wows it enough to not chew you to bits.

Brussel: So this is the great trap you are caught in. The Triangle of Loosing. It is your own fault, but the book can help you. You will understand completely and accurately how stupid you are from seeking more power, how ugly you are by trying to understand things better, and how weak you are by doing nice things.

Brussel: The book will clearly explain how each side of the triangle works and how the sides of the triangle interact with each other. You will understand perfectly your position within the Triangle of Loosing and the futility of your attempts at politics, science and art.

Brussel: I wrote this book for you stupids to help you. I didn't have to, but I did. The least you could do is go buy it.

Other than the deathsports, this is the sort of thing beamed constantly to the world from the media screens. Sentinel Sentry City in particular is saturated in this questionable show, and the citizens can't get enough of it.

Media Enounters

Continuity 4

Brussel Spanm

Attack 1 Defence 1

Media Mogul 4
Communications Master 4
Brainwashing Satellite Beam 1
Adored by the Populace 5

Typical Deathsport Gladiator

Attack 2 Defence 2

Chainsaw Rocket Launcher Flamethrower 2
Improvised Weapon 2
Action Assault Scene 3

Croaker

Attack 3 Defence 3

400lb Mutant Sumo Amphibian 2
Flying Frog 1
Toxic Secretions 2

Deathslam

Attack 5 Defence 4

Local Deathsport Champion Celebrity 4
Larger Than Life 3
Work up the Crowd 3
Deathslam Finishing Move 4

The Criminal Element

Continuity 4

The condition of Sentinel Sentry City is such that pretty much only criminals can get anything important done. The amount of corruption and organized violent conflicts has it so legitimacy is a fool's game. As the saying goes, in the land of criminals the only crime is foolishness.

The criminals of the city have a meshwork of warehouses, businesses, homes, underground tunnels, transports, and meeting spots. Every transgression and contraband known to man is found in the city in abundance.

The Expludy Bar

Diamond Deck is one of the more successful Illicit entrepreneurs of the age. She reasoned the two best ways to get peoples attention were explosions and nude women. So Diana Dechardi put the two together and created the worlds only exlpudy bar, were naked ladies are regularly blown up on the stage. Deck being savvy to customer satisfaction, the rowdy crowds get to set off the detonator when enough of them shout "BOOM!" loud enough. This leads to many ladies mistakenly thinking that putting on a stellar performance will stay the

crowds joy for combustion. Human trafficking being the most reliable industry In Sentinel Sentry City next to murder, Diamond Deck is never in short supply of boobies to be blown up all over the bar. The heinous patrons of Expludy are happy to have a stream of new flesh and fireworks on the stage, and the ladies burn short but bright careers.

Expludy is one of the best places for hired help for adventures and finding information or jobs. There are always thugs looking for opportunity and planners looking for goons. Bounty hunters and assassins receive or find out about contracts in this unsavoury place. The bounty hunter Ropelash is a friend of Diamond Deck and she mostly hangs out here to help out with security.

Ever since the Sentinel Sentry City Universe degenerated into a Role-Playing Game a mandatory rule from the Bureaucrocalypse "RPG player's guide to playing RPGs vol2" states:

"All RPG Settings must provide at least one suspicious bar, or failing that, suspect inn, or upon failing that, a questionable tavern for which characters may a) Get Drunk B) Players may do a bad job of acting out their characters as drunk C) Get arrested d) Get in fights E) Burning down the aforementioned: Bar, or failing to have a bar to burn down, Inn, or failing to

have an Inn to burn down, tavern. And F) Regardless of whether a to e take place, there must be a least one untrustable soul offering employment no one would accept. This untrustable character must approach any player's characters present In the bar, inn, or tavern (whichever one be present in the RPG setting) with an offer to do this ridiculous task that no one should do, until they accept his offer."

Scribe Lookers have declared this rule inviolable. As such Expludy fits this requirement for the Sentinel Sentry City Universe. The bar has a nice start your game here sign in the corner table for the characters to gather and the players to realize they have forgot some part of their character's creation. Expludy has nice descriptive flavor text for the Scribe Lookers to read to the players.

Most importantly any player characters banding together at Expludy, which will be all players characters at least once, will be approached by a shadowy prospective employer looking for a mixed bag of fourth wall breaking one (or less) dimensional personality individuals, with possible badly feigned accents, to take up a job no reasonable person would ever attempt doing.

Other than looking for adventure or information, Expludy also has food served by it's infamous chef, the Facecleaver. The Facecleaver is a cannibalistic former super assassin who had the

dull edge of a Butcher Cleaver accidentally infused horizontally down the middle of his face. While he can now give the wickedest headbutts ever, Facecleaver still decided to give up being a professional killer to pursue his love of cooking.

Facecleaver gained his powers as a young cannibal, when he ate some poor patchwork person put together by the Caremasters of Humanity, and now can heal even mortal wounds by eating his fellow humans. He also possesses extreme toughness and strength. Expludy's chef is quiet capable of helping Deck with her difficult customers.

Only the bravest patrons dare eat the food, and must be braver still to ask what is in the meal.

Expludy Encounters

Continuity 4

Diamond Deck

Attack 2 Defence 4 Diamond Skin 4
Crime Mastermind 3
Double D Demolitions 1
Gambling 3

Facecleaver

Attack 4 Defence 5 Super Healthy Human Digestive System and Recipes 4
Headslice Headbutts 3
Sauteed Stripper Special 2

Ropelash

Attack 3 Defence 2 *Bounty Huntin for Boomworthy Booty 3*
Lasso Laced Power Suit 2

CrimeMart Superstore

Expludy and several other suspect businesses are attached to the CrimeMart Superstore, which is owned by the largest collector of appropriated materials ever, Varth Waltder Businey. Another side effect of the Sentinel Sentry City Universe degenerating into a role-playing game is rules around character equipment. Scribe Lookers want their player's characters to be able to go broke, so places to throw away their resources are needed.

CrimeMart has most things atrocious people, like players, would want to equip their characters with. Scribe Lookers will meddle and make sure player characters can get most of what they want, but end up with no money afterwards and have to go to some horrible place and do horrible things to get some cash.

The Store itself is run by a mutant crime boss, Slugking McMuckmasters. This sludgy manager can be found on his hovering shopping barge-cart. He is usually floating about the

monstrous Pit of Studebtt, where a mass of foolish college student Crimemart Credit borrowers in a hole become starving limb flailing debt slaves to be devoured after 50 years by a giant greedy mouse.

Visitors to the Superstore are greeted by the excitable Stankroar monster from behind his Portcullis. Assuming the Stankroar is not hungry or angry, shoppers can enjoy access to everything money can, and should not be able to, buy. The stakrats can't stop running to and from their sewer storage cells to keep the shelves stocked.

CrimeMart Superstore Encounters

Continuity 5

Slugking McMuckmasters

Attack 2 Defence 4

Attention Shoplifters 5
Jubilant Slimy Crimeboss 3
If I Don't Have It You Don't Need It 1

Thughog Cash Handlers

Attack 2 Defence 2

Pricecheck 1
Cart to Cart Aisle Combat 2
Discriminatory Surveillance 2

Stakrats

Attack 1 Defence 1 Block Passage 3
Locate Goods 1

Shark Chasm Loan Accountants

Attack 3 Defence 2 Mocking Mannerisms 3
Lending Predators 1

Grey Garden Gnome

Continuity 4

The Grey Garden Gnome is the science villain responsible for managing the outdoor centre of the CrimeMart Superstore. Ozibald Gnorme was an industrial scientist trying to perfect a serum to enhance the intelligence and physical abilities of landscapers. He learned from the regular elder employee bathroom torture sessions that his funding was about to be cancelled, his project abandoned, and he would be called a disgraceful melted cheese brains.

Ozibald went right to his lab and quickly made a chemical cocktail out of whatever weird stuff was lying around. He contemplatively sipped the drink in his relaxing radiation bath chambers. After some unexpected explosions, Ozibald found he had turned into a grey skinned mental ornamental gnome.

He dubbed himself the Grey Garden Gnome, amassed a collection of garden tool themed weapons, jumped on a giant flying lawnmower and set about one of the wildest crime sprees anyone has even seen.

Currently the Grey Garden Gnome has the largest supply of outdoor crime tools and gardening gadgets in the city.

Grey Garden Gnome Encounter

Attack 3 Defence 3 Flying Lawnmower Platform 4
Fertilizer Bombs 3
Trimmer Blades 2

Green Son of The Grey Garden Gnome

Attack 3 Defence 3 Just Like Dad 3
Couldn't You Just Kill Your Best Friends Sometimes 4

The Scribbler

continuity 1

Poor? You don't know what poor is. Poor is sleeping on a pile of dung in a burnt out orphanage and, every Easter, children's feet would be chewed off by the starving bunnies. All we Had to eat where two year old rotten french fries. Well, we are all together now, me and whoever listens to my rambling, and we say this: No more fries!

Tired of what he sees as corrupt and inept authority, the Scribbler has gone on a rampage of scribbling nonsense everywhere and blowing things, mostly people, up. He has a small loyal following of Scribblies on the interface.

"Beware, beware the vats in you hair!
For they come down the stairs
And they hew off your stare!"

Message attached to a package before it exploded.

The Scribbler now runs the customer office supply centre at the CrimeMart Superstore. He is an expert in sending explosive mail anywhere in the world. His packaging is always covered in babbling so bizarre that no one but the intended target would dare open it. The Scribbler is also the only person who knows how to send messages that explode over the interface. These face bombs lead to the destruction of peoples virtual faces,

FFT devices, and possible real life injury or even death. Many criminals just use the Scribblers amazing incomprehensible office services instead of going to the trouble of managing their own office. Angry ex's also can't get enough of the quality mail bomb service.

He has also vandalized more bathrooms than everyone else in history put together.

Scribbler is know for his customer service as well:

Yes I mailed the package. We were supposed to watch the explosion together remember? Then when I tried to call you, you made up an excuse and acted like I was some kind of inappropriate creep.

Encounters with the Scribbler

Attack 1 Defence 1

Confusing Gibberish 2
Explosive Trap 5
Unfollowable plots 1

Scribblies

Attack 1 Defence 1

Spam Trash on the Interface 1
Enjoy Explosions 4

The CITY

Slagwad

Slagwad takes the form of a human shaped pile of, mostly molten, metal and fused trashed metal objects. He is the lead singer of the Ironlump heavy metal band and has tremendous influence over the Leadhedz street gang and street level activity in general.

This burning clump of discarded paint cans and broken beer signs was once a normal person in the leadhedz street gang. Since his becoming the superbeing Slagwad, his exploits have taken him all over the world and beyond. Slagwad's many adventures comprised occasional honorable acts with benign endings.

Regarded by some as a large potent heated noise blaring menace, many would see Slagwad as being as close to a saviour as they could expect in the age. In his escapades across the Earth, Time, and Space, many truly despicable souls had to deal with a 2 ton flow of blazing metal oddities sweeping their scorched carcasses off to annihilation.

On the horrid streets of Sentinel Sentry City Slagwad plays the roll of rescuer as much a rogue.

Encouters with Slagwad

Continuity 5

Attack 4 Defence 5

Molten Wave 2

Fiery Lyrics 4

Amorphous Armor 5

The Leadhedz

Continuity 8

The Leadhedz are one of the many groups that have banded together on the streets of Sentinel Sentry City to deal with the ever-present trouble. As fierce as this group is, they are called upon more and more by citizens for help with the outrageous problems that trouble their lives.

The group has no official leadership, but the Ironlump metal band is well respected by the local neighbourhood and beyond. The musicians and management consists of: Slagwad; Fishfry, the humanoid eel from the Space-Time Station who makes sure the band always has abundant electricity; The adventuring time travelling Visigoth King, Alaric along with his pet mutant hell dog Diuskilos; Countess Coldskull, the Aritsacrook android possessed by 1001 Ice Demons; Entropazees, the

mummy manager of the Dimension of Ruin; and Mantiss, the renegade Space Bug assassin.

Encounters with the Leadhedz Gang

Fishfry

Attack 3 Defence 2

Shock and Bawl 4
Power Metal 2

Entropazees

Attack 2 Defence 2

Mobius Trips 3
Humongous Homogeneous Helpful Heat
Heave-ho, Harrying, and Havoc 4
Fractional Forward Forbidding Fractal
Fleetless Footwork Fastening 2
Likes Long Walks on the Everything Has
Turned to Spaced Out Misty Dust 2

Leadhedz Gangmember

Attack 2 Defence 1

Rogues in a Rotten World 2
Unyielding Population 2

Miasma

Continuity 4

Miasma is a ninja master and one of the heads of the Serpent Fang Society ninjas. He has a personal goal of revenge against the Daimyo of the Yotola car manufacturing company for throwing his mother in the dungeon while he was a child. Miasma was lucky enough to have been rescued from his Yotola funded orphanage by the ninja societies recruitment scouts and trained to be a shadow warrior. Miasma excelled at his training and missions and rose to the rank of ninja master faster than anyone else in the Ninja Society before him. He would repay the Serpent Fang later by travelling back in time and helping found the ancient society in the first place, thus becoming the only student to master his own teachings.

During Miasma's adventures, his body had been transformed to constantly producing an oppressive smoke. This effect intensifies while he is in combat.

Miasma Encounter

Attack 6 Defence 3

Smoke and Mirrors 3
Jumping with Shadows 4
Sword of Ten Thousand Sorrows 6
Mind Made for Murder 1

Ninjas

killing is everyone's business and business is good. There are more than a few ninja clans on the Sentinel Sentry City Earth. Mostly they prefer to not operate openly. Usually they distance themselves from each other, but sometimes they end up in deadly opposition. The Ankle clan famously can't stand the Finger clan and accuses them of being obnoxious and disrespectful. The Finger clan members are always signalling Ankle clan ninjas to go away when ever they see each other.

The most thriving ninja group by far is the Serpent Fang Society. Thanks to time travel, the societies recent origins date back to the dawn of civilization. The Serpent Fang lately defeated the Snake God Setut in around 6000 BCE S.E. Asia and entombed the form of the murdered snake deity in their new ancient training cave fortress headquarters.

The cave castle is a network of volcanic activity, traps, and slayers – both human and otherwise. The entire complex was once flooded by the drained seas of the blood abyss and the taint of that foul place has soaked into the rock and soil of the region leaving large underground hellblood lakes.

This secret training ground of killers also houses one of the Silver Spires devices that brought about the Warwarp

Spasmloops. Only the society knows they have one of the spires. This enables the region to largely survive being distorted by the Spasmloops. Underground tunnels snake from the hidden mountain den and worm their way to many places far across the world allowing the society to strike anyone anywhere.

Most recently the Serpent Fang Society has undergone a schism. Miasma was one of seven trainee siblings who all went on to become outstanding ninjas and held high positions in the society. Recently a clan split led by his "Sister" Steelshadow has captured the Asian training cave fortress. Steelshadow has begun working with the hated Yotola car manufacturers diamyo. While Miasma along with his friend, the Crystal Methodological Illusion generating alien A.I./robot thief, Prism have taken up command of the Sentinel Sentry City Serpent Fang ninja headquarters.

Trouble has started to brew in the city between the two factions of assassins and full out war is expected soon.

Ninja Encounters

Continuity 2 (9 for Serpent Fang Society Fortress)

Ninja Assassin

Attack 3 Defence 1

Death From Anywhere 2
Silently Unseen Strike 1

Ninja Squad Leader/trainer

Attack 4 Defence 2

Wordless Authority 1
Kings of Killing 3

Prism

Attack 1 Defence 4

Solidified Mineral Body 3
Crystal Methodological Illusion Generation 4
Mirrors and Smoke 3

Steelshadow

Attack 5 Defence 4

Slicing Shadow 4
Clutching Shadows 2
Strike Through Shadow 1
Really Likes Shadows 2

Typical Crime

Continuity 1

There are many individuals, families, gangs and small teams taking part in every type of crime imaginable and then some. A walk around Sentinel Sentry City in particular is to see an endless series of muggings, verbal abuse, assault, dirty deals, verbal abuse, break ins, cons, auto theft, building theft, smuggling, verbal abuse, racketeering, traffic violations, heists, and hits. Everyone has gotten used to it and many would have it no other way.

Some persons or groups excel better than others in this environment and some even thrive like flies.

The more prosperous examples of crime are: Gorilla Fossey Fedora and his monkey malcontents; the Grotesque Gang; Sewer Rats; Crusty Mollusc and Decapod Dan with their Red Mobster smuggling submarine; Don Megalo and his mutant shark accountants; The Aristacrooks, who got most of their criminal empire by inheriting it and quietly sitting in a chair looking at a wall all their lives; the Valindo crime family; Baby Face Gang; Miss Darkness; Centipedler, the AWOL space bug centipedataur fence who smuggles weapons and the galaxies best corn beef sandwiches from space to Earth; The Street Prophets and their psi drugs; Hatred Face; and the Law Chanters.

Typical Street Crime Encounters

Continuity 1

Mugger

Attack 2 Defence 1 No One Needs to Get Hurt 2
Hurt Them Anyway 1

Thief

Attack 1 Defence 1 Appropriate Skill For Type of Theft 2
Run Away 1

Gang Members

Attack 2 Defence 1 Clearly Marked Ours 2
For Your Recruitment Test You Need To 1
What Little Chance of Justice There is 1

Fence

Attack 1 Defence 1 Everything Has Been Stolen at Least Once 1
know a Guy Who Can Get That 2

Hellcats

Continuity 1

The Hellcats are one of the longer running gangs of Sentinel

Sentry City. The group of fed up females would rather sleek or dash about stealing, and kicking, people in the valuables than put up with any more.

Hellcat Encounter

Attack 2 Defence 2 Locate Vulnerable Valuable Areas 2
Sense Wallet Size 1

S.A.G.borgs

Continuity -1 (should already be out of here by now)

You would be forgiven for mistaking Sentinel Sentry City as unsafe for the senior population. This is not nearly the case thanks to Supplemented Antediluvian Gizmo Borgs (SAGborgs technology). Every senior citizen has received upgrades to make them as dangerous as anything else found in the city. Built in battle suits come with every hip replacement now. There is no eye exam requirement for the double Gatling gun limb fused walker, and every seniors shopping bag has built in flamethrowing capabilities with really easy to find big buttons. They also drive their OWN buses now. The buses have 2 feet of vehicle armor and spikes!

SAGborg Encounters

Upgraded Senior

Attack 2 Defence 3

No Idea What They Are Firing At 3
Seen it All 1

Bus Convoy of Death

Attack 4 Defence 4

Literally a Bus Convoy of Death, Are All Going to a Funeral 3
The Bus Convoy Will Cause More Funerals 2
Never Ending Cycle of Funerals 1
Oops I Didn't See You Parked There 4
Oops I Didn't See You Standing There 2

Magic Shenanigans

The Sentinel Sentry City Universe collapsing into a fictional role playing game has the fictional gods of the setting now able to do things in that fictional setting. Most gods being fictionally highly intelligent, even fictionally omniscient in some of the wilder settings, quiet understandably broke the fourth wall and figured out they were fictional characters in a fictional setting. After all, cartoon characters do the same all the time and gods are much fictionally smarter than cartoon characters.

This led to the state of the gods not believing in themselves. A small army of motivational individuals was marched on stage one by one in a grungy school gymnasium to try to solve the problem by telling the gods it was all their fault, but didn't have to be that way if they just listened to how awesome motivational speakers anecdotes are. This ended up depressing everyone more over time and some of the gods got fictional verrucas.

Three of the most fictionally wise gods sat down to discuss the problem and after a lengthy, but fictional, discourse agreed they had the best course of action figured out.

Berssel, Huxleus, and Scoobo gathered the gods and shared their idea. The answer was to simply do as little as possible.

Some kind of meta writer was making everything up. This writer was not a fictional god like them but almost certainly a real mortal or mortals trying to make real money or gain real world power over other mortals. This was going to mean everything that happens to them in the fictional setting was out of their hands.

This led to a heavy fictional burden being removed from the deities shoulders and they set about their new relaxing fictional existence.

As these things always go, there were some who couldn't make the meeting or those who didn't pay much attention. This led to two other groups of gods. The Researching Gods and the Lost Gods.

The Researching Gods tried to get the Relaxing Gods to explain the message to them again, but they didn't feel like doing it or anything else. So the Researching Gods went out into the fictional worlds trying to scratch the philosophical itch they didn't exist.

They came across a spaced out anthropomorphic elephant spoiled prince monk carpenter and pestered him with questions. He was not a very contemplative soul and just shrugged and said he believed they existed. The Researching Gods could not share his faith and told him he was not thinking clearly and had fell

under the influence of power mad greedy meta mortals. He replied they sounded like atheists and should go to the Atheist Planets and talk to them.

The Researching Gods thought this sounded promising and headed to the planets full of perpetual non believers. They were delighted with what they heard and read and watched the atheists as they gathered in groups for a few hours once a week wherever they liked and did whatever they liked. Some times a weekly group would not agree on what to do and split into more groups without needing to kill each other.

Sadly when they pestered the atheists with questions, they responded they did not believe in the Researching Gods and would not speak to them.

The Researching Gods were sad again, but decided to learn what they could by hovering around and staying out of the way and just paying attention.

After a while a nagging idea that the atheists were also a part of some fictional setting, perhaps the same one they were in even. They found this idea hard to discard and it gained popularity among the Researching Gods. This led to the Searching God Schism. Some of the Researching Gods decried the atheists as fictional atheists under the control of power mad greedy meta mortals. The atheists replied, "Maybe so," but then

some of those meta mortals would be atheists, so it was all good.

The Researching Gods split into two groups. One group stayed on the atheist worlds and tried to learn what they could there. The others became the Searching Gods and wandered the setting confused.

The Lost Gods are our last group and main concern. This group doesn't know or doesn't care about the whole fiction thing and just wants to cause as much trouble as they can. They are definitely the fictionally dumbest of the gods.

The Rise and Fall of Setut

In the murk of ancient civilization, humankind would face an enigma it would continually face but never solve, the riddle of wealth. So this mystery starts, as it usually, does with a prosperous group of people (a city in this case). Was it hard work, luck, better ideas, being in the right place, or timing that brought the abundance? Likely no one knows the full tale of how prosperity strikes, but the answer is probably a mix of all of the above and more.

Some group of people does well for themselves and all sane minds everywhere agree this should be a happy event. But sanity fails us as usual. Swirling around all fortune is an evil that is as deadly as it gets.

In our example here, in the hardship of early civilization, a city arose amidst the remorseless jungles of Asia. The people of this place approached their business with as much wisdom as could be expected. They were open and generous. Crafts, hunting, farming, culture and healing were all flourishing like no where else and no one was excluded.

As is customary for this type of thing, malign eyes looked on with hatred. The followers of Setut arrived in this city one day and were welcomed as all travellers were. The servants of the snake god seen the might of the city firsthand and found prosperous activity to take part in easily. But they sought weakness with every glance, as such people are apt to do.

The visitors had been awed by the potency of a community that had not yet been seen in those harsh times and had all but given up dreams of seizing control of such strong people. The snake worshippers prepared to move on.

It was just by chance that the snake chanters heard tale of a wandering tribe of matchless hunter warriors in the northern jungle. They decided to investigate and sent some of their shamans north, while the rest of them prepared to leave the city. The emissaries returned weeks later with tales of the finest killers they had ever seen. Immediately baubles, trinkets, and smooth promises of more to come were sent north with the Setutites finest speakers.

A deal was made in the death soaked jungle, and the Setut clerics in the city worked out their plan.

A few days later the unaccountable misfortunes started. A theft, a fire, or sabotage would occur mysteriously. The disciples of the snake god preached the anger of Setut for not being given worthy offerings. The Setutities were watched closely by the cities guards, but no one could link them to any wrong doing.

Months of a long game of escalating violence and sermons of proper tribute left the citizens angry or afraid. There was never any sign of any Setutite being involved in the menacing mishaps.

Many blamed them openly anyway, while others were convinced and payed the snake cult. The frequency of murders soared, but always toward the outspoken opponents of the Setutites. When large snakes started to appear near the crimes and in the homes of city leaders. Enough people were outraged that the snake gods followers were banned from the city on pain of death.

The night after the exile, the bloodshed reached levels yet unseen. No one could identify an attacker. No victims survived. A fighting force was sent out to round up the Setutites and drag them back for punishment. The city's warriors never returned. Weeks went on and death struck every night. Messengers were sent to find the Setutites. The nightly killings continued under

the changing moon until eventually one messenger returned. He said the cultists claimed to have communed with their deity and Setut's pride was badly hurt. Fully nine tenths of the cities wealth would have to be given up in tribute for the snake god's curse to be lifted from the city.

The City leaders furiously declared this too be too much. They gathered the largest force the city had mustered yet and went out into the jungle to capture the snake cult. The messenger informed them the journey should take about a week, but on the second night the killings escalated to full out battle in the wilds.

The nomadic tribesmen were in their element now against foes they could out move in their own city. The battle would be named the night of the Serpent Fang. Most of the cities soldiers could not even clearly see their killer. While many fled into the jungle they would all be hunted there and none made it back to the city.

The Cult of Setut returned to the great city with the nomadic slayers. There was now no one to oppose them. Worse still, with the acquisition of such wealth, the malevolent eyes of the snake god Setut had focused on Earth, and he slithered across dimensions of pure dread and evil toward the new prize.

The Cult felt their deity getting closer and found they were gaining insights and powers they had not thought possible. The

remains of the cities population was firmly in their coils. Most of the surviving population were the old, very young or sick, which was preferable to the Setutities and their approaching serpent god.

When the nomadic tribe, now named the Serpent Fang clan in honor of their battle, asked to receive payment they were snubbed.

Only a small fraction of what was promised was payed, and no thanks or respect was shown to the tribespeople. The coming of their lost deity had consumed the cult entirely with vanity and viciousness.

The tribespeople met outside the city to talk and declared their treatment unacceptable. They vowed to fight their former allies to the death. This would not be as easy as expected; evil like the world had not seen yet was nearing and the Earth was already changed forever.

The city in particular had stared to change. No one could explain it at first. When the tribespeople began their assault on the cult they fought against something unlike anything before. Dark forces tore down warriors. Many found themselves stricken blind or paralyzed. They did not know this foe and were stuck in a city that attacked in impossible infernal ways.

It was at this time that a group of time travelling scallywags found their sojourn drawn to the city.

The Travellers did not understand the coming of Setut had disrupted their trip to a 2048 music festival and crashed them into an ancient Asian jungle city. Miasma the ninja master, along with the Ironlump metal band, and some friends found themselves in a sinister city in the middle of a bloody battle. This type of thing was not too unusual for them though.

The adventurers seen what appeared to be ancient nomadic peoples being overwhelmed by invisible forces. The time travellers decided to help out, but the tribespeople refused to leave without proper payment. The band and the nomads fought their way to the treasury against the magics and cultists of Setut. The tribe managed to gather what they felt was an appropriate payment. By this time a few of the members of the group had started to realize something terrible was happening. Entropazees, Coldkskull, and Diuskilos could all tell something not of the world was manifesting in the city and urged everyone to make haste for the jungle.

Their retreat was harried all the way out of the city and on. A safe place was needed so the temporal tourists asked the tribespeople if they knew of one. The nomads told of mountain caves they sometimes stayed at.

The group, pursued by foul powers, fled to the caves in the north jungle. They had hurried deep within the

caverns when Coldskull announced that Setut had just manifested back at the city and was seeking the taken treasure.

The Ironlumps returned to the modern age to gather what aid they could hire or convince to join the battle in the past. Miasma remained with the tribe in their caves and helped prepare defences against the approaching assault.

Numerous heroes and mercs from the future would come back to join the battle underneath the mountain. While many fell against Setut and his cult in the first coming of a Lost God, the time travellers and their tribespeople friends managed to fell the snake god and his cult. Setut's earthly corpse was interned throughout the cavern network.

Miasma remained after the others had returned to modern time. Here he trained the Serpent Fang tribespeople and founded the ninja school that would in the far future save his child self from Yotola internment and poverty. After teaching the nomads the Serpent Fang Ninjitsu, Miasma returned home.

While Setut was destroyed it had drawn the attention of the Lost Gods to Earth. This has not been a major problem, except on one other occasion. As usually these foul deities can only manage to lure a few charlatans with a handful of followers to their service.

There have even been a few claiming to be followers of Setut in the modern time, but none of them gained any following or displayed any powers.

Brother Eyeball

There was only one other key occasion were the Lost Gods seriously bothered with the Earth. It was a decade or so before the coming of the Warpspasms. Three Lost Gods competed for the destruction of the world and captivity of humanity.

The main mortal cult leader of the Lost Gods had an apprentice with no prominent designs on getting enslaved in a nightmarish dimension and having his home planet being destroyed. This apprentice would betray his mentor and the schemes of the Lost Gods thereby saving the Earth.

This apprentice would become the sorcerer Brother Eyeball. The cult leader would be sent into the Dimension of Unfathomable Splat where he was punished and twisted into the being, Blastphemer.

Brother Eyeball Encounter

Continuity 7

Attack 4 Defence 3

Enchanting Eye Skull 5

Eyegonizing Exhibit 2

Abyssal Staring Contest 5

Cultists

Continuity 4 (10 for Time Counts)

Setut was the first of the foul powers to create the Slideways of Evil to Earth. Since then only three other deities without the knowledge or care that they were fictional have had schemes involving the Sentinel Sentry City world.

Hatbula, the Voo-Yoo god of evil hats, and Baelzebayb sent a cursed amulet to Earth to ensnare themselves a champion. Their plans were foiled when their champion's apprentice betrayed the cabal and pushed the cult leader into the splat portal and then stole their things.

The two Lost Gods punished their failed former minion and left him to die in the Unfathomable Splat Dimension. The thwarted twin terror's chief fictional Lost God rival, HP Lovesauce, saw opportunity to scorn his competition by taking their own abandoned minion and making him into the Blastphemer, an instrument of his own earthly ambitions.

Another group of wizards that can be found all the fourth dimension are the Time Counts. The Time Counts typically travel around making sure the paradoxes stay trimmed, but the Warwarp Spasmloops have almost entirely shut off their influence over Earth. Only a single unreachable Spacetime station orbiting the

planet has any influence on the out of control Spasmloops, and the crew act like chimpanzees often.

Once, one of the Time Counts was fictionally corrupted by the Lost Gods and had to be put down. His Familiar, the demented Argentavis Temporus Birdbonkers, is still loose on Earth.

Other than these examples the only cults left on Earth are all the major and minor fictional religions, a handful of charlatans with a few dopey friends, and the occasional megalomaniac with a small amount of fictional mystical power. None of these are threats compared to what fictional madness the Lost Gods tried to bring to the world.

Cult Encounters

Temporus Birdbonkers

Attack 2 Defence 3

Unchronologial Corrupted Carrion 3
Loopy Quantum Quill Pen 2

Blastphemer

Attack 4 Defence 2

Femur shot 3
Babble Bashing 2
BS Blast 5

Cult Leader Charlatan

Attack 2 Defence 1 Maybe Has Some Fictional Power 1
Discomforting Discussion Methods 2

Cult Member

Attack 1 Defence 1 Tired, Hungry, and Impressionable 1

Guy With Pamphlets

Attack 1 Defence 1 Poor Understanding of Fiction 1

Undead

The iLich

In the 1970's the rise of personal unlife devices for the general population was considered a frivolous pursuit, and it was. Undeath was regarded as useful to only a handful of individuals and organizations mostly in castles in eastern Europe or North American business associations. The young Jeeve Stabbs was having none of it and hawked his soul twisting devices at conventions every chance he got.

Stabbs eventually forged Apricot Immortalizes the most successful necrotech company in the world. At the end of his days he passed away due to his strange diet consisting entirely of the tortured souls of children's favorite stuffed toys. After his long life of selling his PUD technologies and dining on polyester kitten spirits. Jeeve Stabbs was celebrated as one of the most eminent pioneers of undeath apparatuses. Apricot users everywhere felt they had lost a terrific zombie sovereign.

They were all deceived however, as Jeeve had forged a secret dark kettle in the fire towers of gloom offices, that obliterated Apricot users and absorbed their souls into Stabb's corpse. Thus the iLich was launched allowing the former necrotech king to rise again as the master of undeath.

Encounters with the iLich

The iLich

Continuity 7

Attack 5 Defence 3

Well App'T to Torture Souls 5
Hungers For Cherished Objects 2
Excellent Customer Enslavervice 3

Necrotech Grave Slaves

Continuity 4

Attack 2 Defence 1

Soul Store Sold Enhancements 1
Applaud Enslavement 1

Other Undead

Continuity 6

There are some undead groups that can function outside the control of the iLich. There is even a Deade's group of pacifist zombies led by Sloboman Ghundhi.

"Are you looking to be immortal creatures of the night? Would you rather someone else control your undead state for all eternity? Our community believes YOU should control the attributes of your own necrotech curse of undeath."

These zombies provide a peaceful pro-social warm stalled hearted way to be undead.

There are occasional spirits and ghouls that maintain independence from any group or ruler. They can be found lurking in the murky grim places of the world sometimes. On occasion they many gain power or influence over a group of mortals or other undead.

One example would be the ghost Manifesto, who is the spirit of all political science. This geist's doctrines, decrees, debates, discussions and delicate persuasions have managed to win the hearts of most governments. As such, almost all world governments, state and local, have joined him somewhere in the North American wilderness and have formed their own way

of life. No one has heard from any of them since.

Explorers have recounted coming across a land full of individuals without want heartily having healthy debates. When approached they were reportedly all very polite, but not interested. The current theory among Sentinel Sentry City thinkers is that the governments have decided they don't need civilians anymore or feel they never did. It would seem that may be the case.

Other reports suggest necrotech is being adopted more and more by this Po-topia. Some even fear the world governments may all soon bow to the uncaring might of the iLich.

Undead Enounters

Manifesto

Attack 2 Defence 4

Retreatment of Thoreau 4
Hobbes Dramatic Enclosure 2
Open Society Smushing Board 5
Plato's Perfect Apologetics 2
Mao's Often Recommended Read Books 2

Spirit

Attack 1 Defence 3

So Much Comes Back to Haunt You 1
Local History 4

Sloboman Ghundhi

Attack 1 Defence 4

Deade Exspells Arcane Disenfranchisement Enchantment 2

Ghastly Guru 1

Ghoul

Attack 2 Defence 2

Absorbed by Necrotech 1

Facebite Profile Consultant 1

Possibly Real Reviews for "Sentinel Sentry City" Role Playing Game

People Everywhere: What is it? We have never heard of it?

Also

That thing saved my marriage and family from hyenas.

Washington Curb Romp: Just might be the worst thing to happen to gaming and everything else.

The Gardeninian: I ate that book up with condiments. Lubbererty! YUM!

The Mailing Globes: It is OK, but whatever you do don't read it.

Some Woman: Sentinel Sentry City murdered my children. I hated my children.

Seattle Weakly Gazelle: Probably the greatest ever.

Inquisitive Caller: So did the piece of toast care about me or not?

New New Romeland TimeScroll: What the F*#@ did I just read?

The London's Telepathpole: This kind of stuff always makes me ill. Should not have been written!